

THE + CAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
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FAITHFUL.

It was Christmas eve, and all day long great crowds had thronged the streets of the little city, and the night closed in with great masses of grey clouds covering the sky and the wind whistling mournfully around the houses and through the streets. As the hands of the clock pointed to six, the tall, stalwart night watchman left his little cottage down by the oil mill and prepared for his night vigil. His wife followed him to the door and regarded him lovingly and anxiously, as he stood just outside of the door buttoning up his overcoat and preparing to set out.

"Do be careful Jim," she said, "there are so many rough characters in town to-night; I shall not sleep to-night for thinking of you."

"There, there, don't fret, Mary," he returned, "everybody is in a good humor to-night and there is not the slightest danger. Leave my supper on the kitchen table, where I can come in and get it at mid-night, and keep the coffee on the stove where it will keep warm, and I can come and go without disturbing you; so put the children to bed and don't worry about me, I'm all right." And pulling on his mittens he started off whistling an old familiar air. At the turn in the street, he turned and looked back and waved his hand and his heart throbbed with pleasure as he thought of the pleasant home that awaited him after his dreary ten hours were past. It was his duty to guard the little city while others slept, and his footsteps nightly echoed through the streets as he paced the pavement on watch and guard. The wind whistled sharply in his face as he crossed the street and stood sheltered for a moment in the lee of a lofty building. The chill air had driven the loiterers indoors, and only now and then a belated shopper or business man hurried by on his way home. Only the saloons were open, and through their windows the light streamed in a blaze, while shouts of revelry came from behind their closed doors. The clink of glasses and of billiard balls told of warmth and pleasure within. By and by, as the hours past, these last resorts closed one by one, and finally the town was left in total darkness. The last footstep had died away and only Jim, the watchman, was left. With his hat pulled well down over his face, he paced the streets with keen, black eyes, carefully scanning each door and byway. He came to the end of the block and stood for a moment in the shelter of the old post office building. Pulling out his watch he struck a match and found the minute hand pointed to twenty minutes to twelve. At midnight he could go by home and get his supper; and leaning up in the door way he half dozed for a few minutes, sheltered from the wind, and with hands thrust deep down in his overcoat pockets.

"Hark! what was that?" His quick ear had caught the ring of steel, and emerging from the door way he stood with his head bent intently listening.

"Cling, cling," again it sounded, and now he thought he caught the direct stream whence the sound came. Just across on the opposite block stood the bank building, with great iron bars across its windows, and standing dark and gloomy in the night. Its vaults held a rich store of gold and silver; the savings of all the little city were represented there, and their loss would mean ruin to a hundred homes.

"Listen!" Again he heard the faint "cling-a-ling" of steel on steel, and hesitating no longer, he drew his revolver and hastened across the street. With noiseless tread he approached the front and glanced swiftly around. Nothing could be seen there, and he hurried to the back of the bank. The door had been wrenched open and now stood ajar, and a faint light was visible on the inside. The outer vault door of the bank was open and two or three dark forms were crouched in the opening and were at work on the inside door with tools of tempered steel. The brave heart of the night watchman gave a great bound at the sight, and in his haste he failed to see the man who stood on guard just behind the door. Clutching his revolver in his hand he bounded up the steps and pushed open the door.

"Throw up your hands," he cried, "you're my prisoners."

The men at the vault door wheeled around and dropped their tools, but the guard at the door stood with his weapon leveled at the watchman's heart. There was a brief struggle, the report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, and then all was quiet again. While through the half open door men could be heard breathing as though they had just passed through a mortal struggle. One, two hours passed and three forms emerged from the bank and sped swiftly away, looking back fearfully from time to time as though some awful thing was following them from the dark bank building. In their hands they carried sacks which contained the spoils of the robbery.

"I wonder why Jim doesn't come," she said anxiously, peering out of the window in the dim light of the early morning. "It's a quarter of six, and he ought to have been home a quarter of an hour ago; and he didn't come home to supper either, the things are all just as I left them last night. He never went without his supper before, but then when he left last night he told me to be sure and not worry about him, as there was no danger. I'll wait until he comes before I wake the children up and give them their presents." Then she went to the front door and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed down the street to see if she could see him coming. It was a little lighter now, and away down by the city bank building she saw a group of men standing, and while she looked she saw one of them turn and point towards her excitedly. Her heart gave a great bound of fear, and catching up a shawl from the rack by the door she drew it over her head and sped away down the street.

"I hope nothing has happened to Jim," she kept saying over and over as she ran. As she neared the bank the men drew aside to the right and left in dismay, but one stood in her way and said: "Don't go in there Mrs. Bond, please don't."

"Yes, but I will, where's my husband?" And pushing the man to one side she hurried into the bank. A group of men were gathered around a dark form on the floor, while the vault doors stood wide open and the papers were strewn broadcast. The night watchman was lying on his back, cold and rigid. The star on his breast shone bright and clear in the dim morning light. His head rested on one arm like a man sleeping, and from his left side a stream of blood had trickled across the floor and formed in a great pool by the door. With a terrible cry of agony and despair she threw herself on his body.

"O Jim, Jim, my darling husband, dead, dead, and this my Christmas morning! O God pity me, God pity me and my fatherless children."

And she clasped in her arms the form of the watchman, who to his trust had been "FAITHFUL."

—WARD.

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—We are requested by city marshal R. H. Loessin to state that the ordinance published below will be enforced to the letter during the Christmas holidays. The ordinance referred to reads as follows:

SECTION 2.
"It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to discharge any fire arms of any description within the limits of the corporation in a manner calculated to disturb the peace of others. Any person or persons violating this ordinance shall be fined in the sum of not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, provided however that this section shall not be construed so as to prevent any owner or owners of any lot or lots within the corporate limits from discharging any gun, pistol or any other firearms on his or their own premises, nor shall this section apply to any officer who may discharge of his official duties nor to any person who may discharge any target rifle or any target pistol in any target gallery licensed by law."

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Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, based on all the latest and most scientific knowledge of the heart. It is a positive guarantee of a cure in all cases of heart disease, and is a most valuable remedy. It is positively free from all poisons or other dangerous drugs.

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